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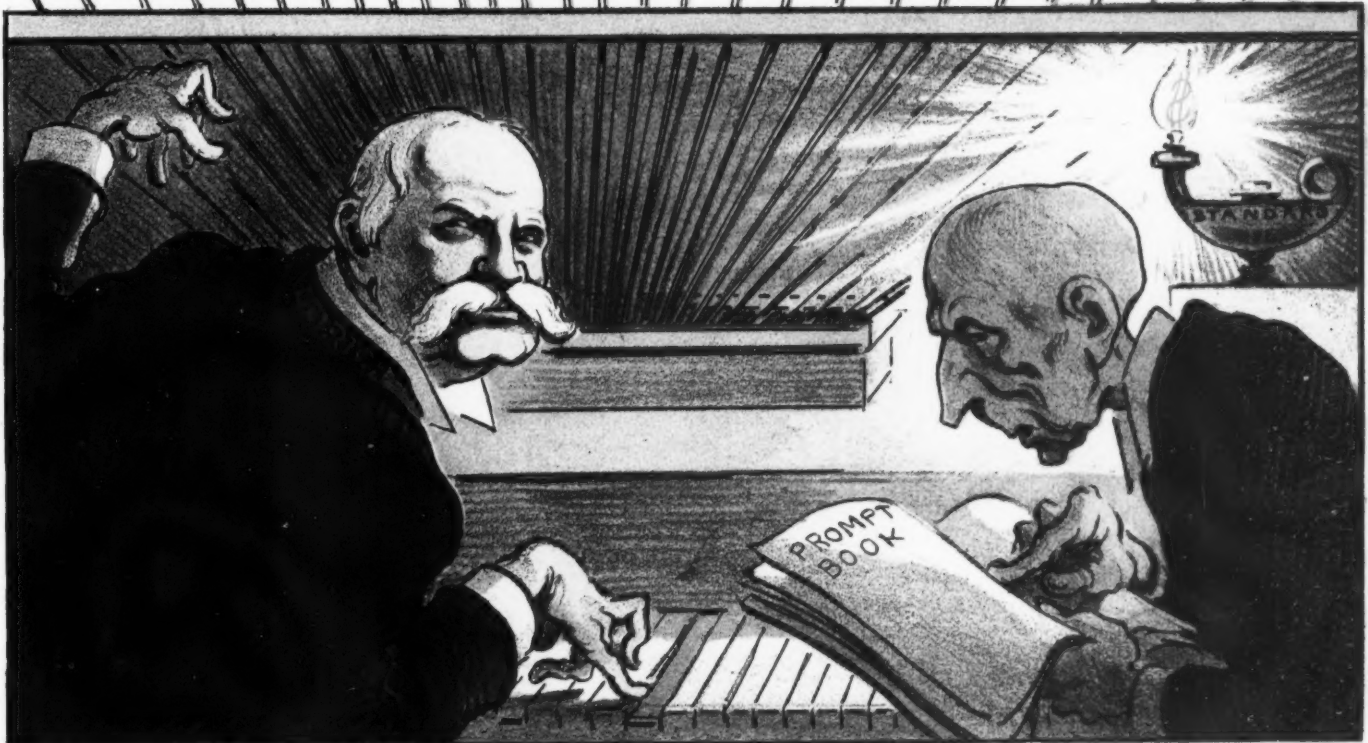
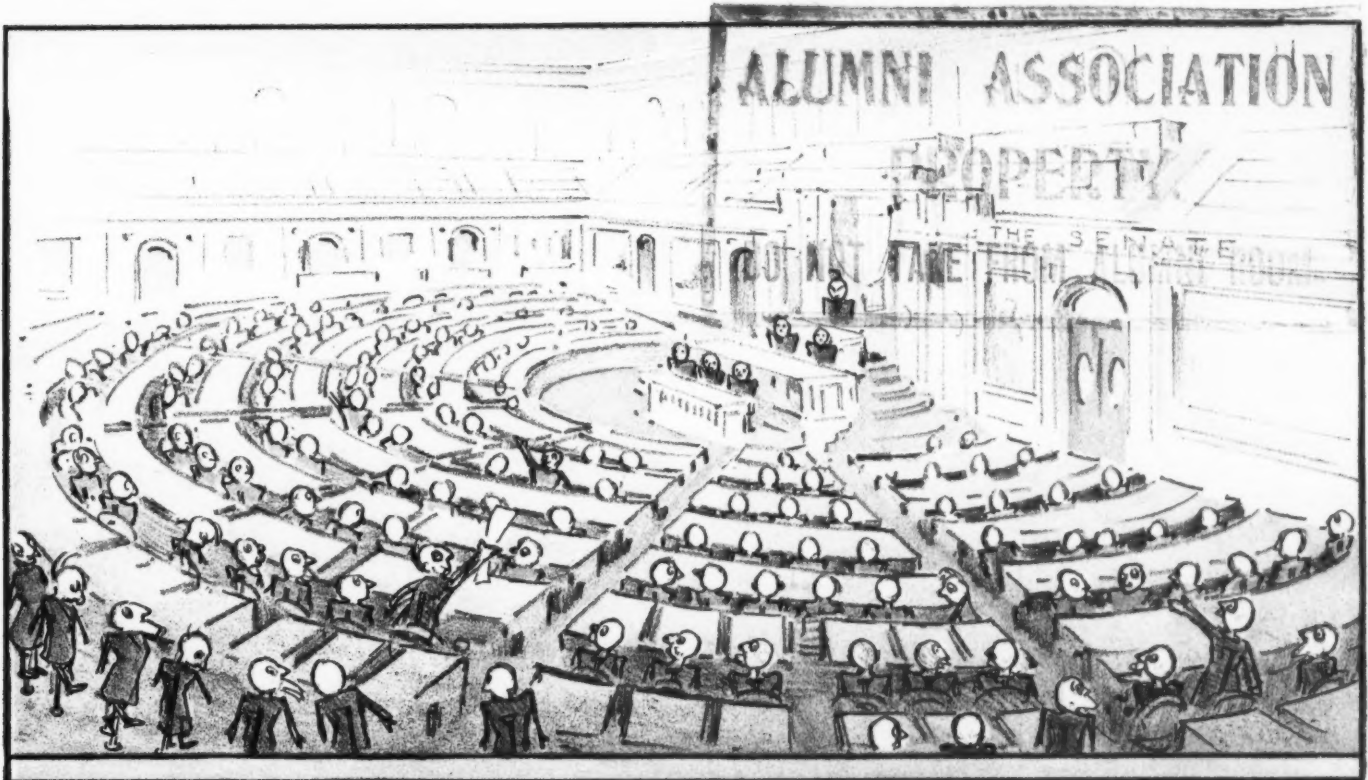
PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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AT THE KEYBOARD.

Duck's Views and Reviews

THE LONG looked for first number of *Tom Watson's Magazine* is out and on the whole it is a very entertaining production for a man whose life has been devoted to farming, history writing and running for the presidency. Of course, one does not expect to find editor Watson quite at home in his new pursuit as yet, and if the current number savors more of the rake than of the blue pencil in its editing only a very unreasonable person will find fault with its estimable chief on that account. What is more to the point is that, as a first number, it is more than creditable. It has some cracking good fiction in it, notably a tale by H. B. Marriott-Watson; a short narrative by one of Georgia's best authors, Mr. Will N. Harben, and, perhaps most imaginative of all, a delightful fairy-tale by the editor himself, entitled, "Hearst the Myth." Anything more deliciously funny than this little essay in pure romance we have not encountered since *Alice in Wonderland* was published. We wish the story might have been longer—amplified into a serial for the young, possibly under some such title as "Willie in Wonderland," or, "A Twentieth Century Rollo," or, "Blue Pencil Randy, the Terror of the Trusts," in which we might read of the further adventures of Mr. Watson's grand young hero. Mr. Watson's conceptions of poetry are interesting as will be gathered by a perusal of this stanza from "The Judge and the Jack Tar":

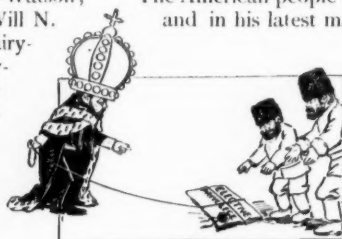
It's like this here, Your Honor, see?
As near as I can tell,
A gentleman hired my boat, and he
Was quite a proper swell.
He brought a lady down with him
To make a longish trip
And so we scrubbed her thoroughly—
JUDGE—The Lady?
TAR—No! The ship.

A more subtle way of suggesting that the trusts control the bench we have never yet encountered. Altogether, we think *Tom Watson's Magazine* is a hit. We have only one suggestion to make and that is that, with the magazine field already overfilled, it is one too many. Why not consolidate with Mr. Lawson's *Everybody's*, Mr. Watson, and call the merger "The Monthly Tom-Tom?"



TURN ABOUT is fair play and perhaps the Russian people should not take it amiss if the Czar worried over the ways of what he calls inscrutable Providence, now addresses a petition to them. We hardly think they will receive it as he received theirs, with powder and shot, and personally cowering behind a bomb proof door, but if in spirit they treat his prayers with the same contempt with which theirs was received at his hands, His Majesty need not be surprised. As a matter of fact he has effectually deprived himself of the right to ask anything of his people, who in the past have had nothing but scorn, the lash and even death as His Majesty's sole response to their expressions of their hopes and aspirations. When they have approached him with the olive branch he has had them driven like rats into their holes with the knout in the hands of his brutal Cossacks. When they would have stood face to face with him, bent solely upon the peaceful purpose of urging necessary reforms, he has treated them like a band of criminals and outcasts for whom no punishment was too cruel. When the outstretched hands of the hopeless, the starving, the idle came too close to his Imperial Robes seeking the relief which those lowly hearts believed was sure to come from the Little Father, they were scourged as by

fire and not a few of them sent unimely to their graves. And now this sham protector, this masquerading little coward of a King, cornered and quaking in the extremity of his fear, turns cringingly to these very subjects of his whom he has done his best to brutalize and asks their loyal help and confidence in this hour of his doom, at the same time handing them grudgingly as tokens of his generosity a string-tied tithe of that which belongs to them! If it were not for the awful pathos of it the situation would inspire Homeric laughter, it is so incongruous, so hopelessly grotesque, so amazingly preposterous. It is said that in certain Russian quarters the temper of the American people toward the Czar is occasioning much painful surprise. To our minds there is no reason for this. The American people have always hated a coward and a hypocrite, and in his latest manifesto Nicholas the Second gives them no reason to believe that he has become any the less of either.



Our regret becomes all the more poignant from the knowledge that Mr. Conried is to continue as Manager of the Metropolitan Opera House.

WE COMMEND the Philadelphia Reformatory System to the clergy and reformers of other cities, and more especially to those of New York. It seems that not long ago certain citizens of the City of Brotherly Love waked up to the fact that politically things were pretty rotten in their midst, and that the beam that rested in the Quaker eye was a pretty strenuous affair even when compared with the mote that was visible in the eyes of Father Knickerbocker, Miss Minneapolis and other municipal relations of Mr. Penn. No time was lost and inside of forty-eight hours two hundred clergymen, backed with all the fervor of their respective congregations, were down on their knees praying for the salvation of Mayor Weaver and his crew. So far the results of the effort have not become evident, but they are no less in that respect than those which follow the conclusions of the Committees of Nine, Fifteen and Seventy-Six that we are so fond of over here in New York, and the method of approaching the evils is at least pleasanter to contemplate. We wish the New York clergy would adopt it in lieu of the one they seem to care for most. Dr. Parkhurst has fulminated and Dr. Slicer has perorated for years without any visible effect upon evil conditions. Why would it not be a good thing for them to try the new scheme and pray for the sinners instead of exhorting them and by more or less maddening abuse confirming them in their ill doing? Lent is upon us and we see no reason why a Sunday of prayer for each offending department of our City Government should not be set apart, beginning with the Street Cleaning Bureau, following it up with prayers for the Aldermen and the Board of Estimate, including Mr. Grout, and ending with a week of prayerful consideration of the needs of the Police.



IT APPEARS from Mr. Garfield's report on the Beef Trust that only a paltry two or three per cent. stands between that institution and philanthropy. We have no doubt that Mr. Garfield believes all he says, but we cannot escape a suspicion that the Beef Trust has saved a little of the wool from its muttons to pull over the Commissioner's eyes. The next thing in order is to show that the Standard Oil dividends are declared from a constantly growing deficit.

SHALL WE CHLOROFORM OUR SEXAGENARIANS?

A VARIETY OF VIEWS ON A TIMELY TOPIC.



HARLES S. MELLE (aged 54): I disagree with Dr. Osler's assertion that it would be for the general good if men at sixty were relieved from active work. In my extended experience as a railroad man I have found that nearly all flagmen (to mention only one branch of the railway service) were octogenarians. I have never considered a man eligible to a post at a grade crossing, especially a dangerous crossing,

unless he had passed his seventieth year; while the nearer he approached a hundred, and the fewer legs he had, the better qualified he was. Why, we do not begin to pension our flagmen till they have reached ninety.

Chloroform has its uses. For example, a great many obstreperous commuters would be the better for a sniff or two.

RUSSELL SAGE (aged 89): The suggestion attributed to Dr. Osler that old men should be chloroformed is very repulsive to me. I have always been opposed to the use of chloroform in business. There are other and more humane ways of taking money away from a man, and I have never, in my entire career, been forced to resort to an anæsthetic. The way to build up the race is to abolish the pernicious vacation habit.

HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS (aged 82): I object to chloroform. It is too expensive. Let nature take its course.

CASSIE CHADWICK (aged ?): Dr. Osler is horrid. The idea of chloroforming old men! I know a trick worth two of that. But the doctor is right when he says that one does the work that counts before one is forty. I've counted a few, and I'm nowhere near forty. I'm perfectly disinterested, you know; the doctor said nothing about chloroforming ladies.

DAVID B. HILL (aged 55): It is immaterial to me.

THOMAS C. PLATT (aged 72): I guess Osler is right. We old chaps ought to take something for that lag-superfluous feeling. I can recommend Dr. Odell as a good man at the sponge.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER (aged 64): The Osler theory has its drawbacks, and anything in the drawback line appeals to me. I believe in the survival of the privileged, and if there should come a time when I could put a rival out of business in no other way I should advocate the use of chloroform—but only, you understand, as a last resort. At present there is only one person I should like to chloroform, and she isn't a man.



CLYDE FITCH (aged 40): Osler is right about "essential, fermentative, vitalizing creations." Look at mine. All done under forty. I don't believe in chloroform. There are pleasanter ways of inducing anæsthesia. Try one of my fourth acts.

MARY BAKER EDDY (aged ?): Dr. Osler is in mortal error, and confuses unconsciousness (the result of chloroform) with sub-consciousness (which is quite another matter.) Age is a non-existent matter, a state of mind, a point in space; it has no actual existence. The idea of chloroforming old men (unless they are humorists) is neither Christian nor Scientific. Ethereality is not etherization. The race is improving slowly, because more and more it is turning to Christian Science. Now is the time to subscribe.

W. J. BRYAN (aged 45): As I remarked not long ago, I have twenty years of active political life ahead of me. That will bring me to my sixty-fifth year, when I confidently expect to be elected President. Why chloroform anybody? Why not talk him to death?

CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW (aged 69): I cannot subscribe to Dr. Osler's theory. A man is like a chestnut—often most useful after the age of sixty years. I have two or three bushels of chestnuts in my attic now, not one of them less than eighty years old, and not a worm in the lot—honest! Incidentally, I'm not taking any worm medicine myself.

NELSON A. MILES (aged 64): I have asked George Dewey to answer your questions for both of us.

MARK TWAIN (aged 70): I am heartily in favor of Dr. Osler's idea. History shows that where the experiment of chloroforming the aged has been made the race has unconsciously advanced. I am ready for the chloroform any time Dr. Osler can spare the time, though personally I should prefer to be vivisected. Ether will do.

GEORGE DEWEY (aged 68): I was sixty-one when I fought the Battle of Manila. A few old-timers may remember the affair; it was an incident of the war with Spain. I cannot say Ay to Dr. Osler's theory as applied to old men in general, but I believe in chloroforming heroes, old or young. It would save time and a deal of fuss.

ANDREW CARNEGIE (aged 68): Hoot! I dinna think Dr. Osler kens what he is talking about. Chloroform a mon at sixty! Why, I'd as soon advocate a reduction of the tariff! What was I before I was sixty? Merely a millionaire. What was I afterward? An all around philanthropist. All my libraries I donated since passing my sixtieth milestone. All my palaces of peace. And besides, had I been chloroformed at three score, how could I have escaped the curse of demising rich. Hoot! The mon is mad!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (as young as he feels): Really, I'd be delighted to discuss it, but actually, I have n't the time. Come up to Oyster Bay some afternoon when I'm not busy; in about four years, say. You will? Bully!

FATHER TIME (age in dispute): Want my opinion, eh? Well, some folks think I'm an old foggy and sort of out of the running these days, but nobody can get ahead of Time, I tell you. You did well to come to me about this age business. I know more about it than any one else, living or dead. Sixty? Say, you ought to have seen Noah was he was building that Ark. Talk about hustle! And then there was my old chum Methusaleh, away back some moons ago. Talk about the best years of a man's life and all that sort of rot, why I wish you could have seen Thuz saw and split hickory on the morning of his six hundredth birthday. Aw, Osler makes me tired, but I can't talk more. Time flies.

THOMAS W. LAWSON (aged over 7): Who is this man Osler, anyway? Why does n't he write for *Everybody's* if he has a good line of dope? I like what he says. Chloroform is good for the System, and I am shooting it into the street by the tankful. But that's all nonsense about the "telling work of the world" being done by men under forty. I know a lot of tellers over fifty. One in my bank is nearly seventy.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT (aged ?): Hee! Hee! That's a goldurned funny idee of that Osler chap. Why, gol ram it, a man don't begin to remember anything wuth while till he gits to be over seventy. What Sam Hill would you do for weather if you chloryformed us old fellows. You would n't have no snowstorms wuth a hoot, frinstance. Why, I kin reck'lect way back in '49, the durndest— [Lack of space compels us to chloroform the remainder.]

J. PIERPONT MORGAN (aged 68): My good friend the Bishop says—or is it the Canon? No, it's the Bishop. My good friend the Bishop says that the years of man's life shall be three score and ten. As to effective work by men over sixty, I would merely point, by way of illustration, to United States Steel.



Even if success is coming to you the chances are that you will have to meet it at least half way.

MRS. RAFFLES

BEING THE ADVENTURES OF AN AMATEUR CRACKSWOMAN
NARRATED BY BUNNY
Edited By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



XI.

THE ADVENTURE OF MRS. INNITT'S COOK.

"IT IS CURIOUS, Bunny," said Henriette the other morning after an unusually late breakfast, "to observe by what qualities certain of these Newport families have arrived, as the saying is. The Gasters of course belong at the top by patent right. Having invented American society, or at least the machine that at present controls it, they are entitled to all the royalties it brings in. The Rockerbilts got there all of a sudden by the sheer lavishness of their entertainment and their ability to give bonds to keep it up. The Van Varick Shadds flowed in through their unquestioned affiliation with the ever popular Delaware Shadds and the Roe-Shadds of the Hudson, two of the oldest and most respected families of the United States, re-enforced by the Napoleonic qualities of the present Mrs. Shadd in the doing of unexpected things. The Gullets, thanks to the fact that Mrs. Gullet is the acknowledged mother-in-law of three British Dukes, two Italian Counts and a French Marquis, are safely anchored in the social haven where they would be, and the rumor that Mrs. Gushington-Andrews has written a book that is a trifle risqué fixes her firmly in the social constellation—but the Innitts with only \$80,000 per annum, the Dedbroke-Hickses with nothing a year, the Oliver Slosingtons with an income of judgments, the study of their arrival is mighty interesting."

"It does n't interest me much," quoth I. "Indeed this American Smart Set don't appeal to me either for its Smartness or its Setness."

"Bunny!" cried Henriette, with a silvery ripple of laughter. "Do be careful. An Epigram from you? My dear boy, you'll be down with brain fever if you don't watch out."

"Humph!" said I, with a shrug of my shoulders. "Neither you nor my dear old friend Raffles ever gave me credit for any brains. I have a few, however, which I use when occasion demands," I drawled.

"Well, don't waste them here, Bunny," laughed Henriette. "Save 'em for some place where they'll be appreciated. Maybe in your old age you'll be back in dear old London contributing to *Punch* if you are careful of your wits. But how do you suppose the Oliver-Slosington's ever got in here?"

"He holds the divorce record I believe," said I. "He's been married to four social leaders already, has n't he?"

"Yes—"

"Well, he got into the swim with each marriage—so he's got a four-ply grip," said I.

"And the Dedbroke-Hickses?" asked Henriette. "How do you account for them?"

"Most attractive diners and week-enders,"

said I. "They got all the laughs at your dinner to the Archbishop of Decanterbury and their man Smathers tells me they're the swellest things going at week-end parties because of his ingenuity at cotillion leading and her undeniable charms as a flirt. By Jove, she's that easy with men that even I tremble with anxiety whenever she comes into the house."

"But how do they live—they have n't a cent to their names," said Henriette.

"Simplicity itself," said I. "He is dressed by his tailors and she by her dressmaker; and as for food, they take home a suit case full of it from every house-party they attend. They're so gracious to the servants that they don't have to think of tips; and as for Smathers, and Mrs. Dedbroke-Hickses maid,

they're paid reporters on the staff of *The Town Tattler* and are willing to serve for nothing for the opportunities for items the connection gives them."

"Well—I don't envy them in the least," said Henriette. "Poor things—to be always taking and never giving must be an awful strain, though to be sure their little Trolley Party out to Tiverton and back was delightful—"

"Exactly; and with car-fare and sandwiches, and the champagne supplied free by the importers for the advertisement, it cost them exactly twelve dollars and was set down as the jolliest affair of the season," said I. "I call that genius of a pretty high order. I would n't pity them if I were you. They're happy."

"Mrs. Innitt, though—I envy her," said Henriette; "that is, in a way. She has no conversation at all, but her little dinners are the swellest things of the season. Never more than ten people at a time and everything cooked to a turn—"

"That's just it," said I. "I hear enough at the Club to know just what cinches Mrs. Innitt's position. It's her cook, that's what does it. If she lost her cook she'd be Mrs. Outfit. There never were such pancakes, such purees, such made dishes as that woman gets up. She turns hash into a confection and liver and bacon into a delicacy. Corned beef in her hands is a discovery and her sauces are such that a bit of roast rhinoceros hide tastes like the tenderest of squab when served by her. No wonder Mrs. Innitt holds her own. A woman with a cook like Norah Sullivan could rule an empire."

A moment later I was sorry I had spoken, for my words electrified her.

"I must have her!" cried Henriette.

"What, Mrs. Innitt?" I asked.

"No—her cook," said Henriette.

I stood aghast. Full of sympathy as I had always been with the projects of Mrs. Van Raffles, and never in the least objecting on moral grounds to any of her schemes of acquisition, I could not but think that this time she proposed to go too far. To rob a millionaire of his bonds, a National Bank of its surplus, a philanthropist of a library, or a Metropolitan Boxholder of a diamond stomacher, all that seemed reasonable to me and proper according to my way of looking at it, but to rob a neighbor of her cook—if there is any worse social crime than that I don't know what it is.

"You'd better think twice on that proposition, Henriette," I advised with a gloomy shake of the head. "It is not only a mean crime, but a dangerous one to boot. Success would in itself bring ruin. Mrs. Innitt would never forgive you, and society at large—"

"Society at large would dine with me instead of with Mrs. Innitt, that's all," said Henriette. "I mean to have her before the season's over."

"Well, I draw the line at stealing a cook," said I, coldly.

"I've robbed churches and I've made way with Fresh Air Funds, and I've helped you in many another legitimate scheme, but in this, Mrs. Van Raffles, you'll have to go it alone."

"Oh, don't you be afraid, Bunny," she answered. "I'm not going to use your charms as a bait to lure this culinary Phyllis into the Arcadia in which you with your Strephon-like form disport yourself."

"You ought n't to do it at all," said I, gruffly. "It's worse than murder, for it is prohibited twice in the decalogue, while murder is only mentioned once."

"What?" cried Henriette.

"What, pray, does the decalogue say about cooks I'd like to know?"

"First, thou shalt not steal. You propose to steal this woman. Second, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's maid-servant. How many times does that make?" I asked.

"Dear me, Bunny," said Henriette, "but you are a little tuppenny puritan, aren't you? Anybody'd know you were the son of a clergyman! Well, let me tell you, I shan't steal the woman, and I shan't covet her. I'm just going to get her, that's all."

It was two weeks later that Norah Sullivan left the employ of Mrs. Innitt and was installed in our kitchen; and, strange to relate, she came as a matter of charity on Henriette's part—having been discharged by Mrs. Innitt.

The Friday before Norah's arrival Henriette requested me to get her a



The Dedbroke-Hickses at home.

PUCK

rusty nail, a piece of gravel from the drive, two hair-pins and a steel nut from the Automobile.

"What on earth—" I began, but she shut me off with an imperious gesture.

"Do as I tell you," she commanded. "You are not in on this venture." And then apparently she relented. "But I'm willing to tell you just one thing, Bunny,"—here her eyes began to twinkle joyously,— "I'm going to Mrs. Innitt's to dinner to-morrow night—so look out for Norah by Monday."

I turned sulkily away.

"You know how I feel on that subject," said I. "This business of going into another person's house as a guest and inducing their servants to leave is an infraction of the laws of hospitality. How would you like it if Mrs. Gaster stole me away from you?"

Henriette's answer was a puzzling smile. "You are free to better your condition, Bunny," she said. "But I am not going to rob Mrs. Innitt, as I told you once before. She will discharge Norah and I will take her, that's all; so do be a good boy and bring me the nail and gravel and the hair-pins and the automobile nut."

I secured the desired articles for my Mistress and the next evening she went to Mrs. Innitt's little dinner, to Miss Gullet and her fiancé, Lord Dullpate, eldest son of the Duke of Lackshingles, who had come over to America to avoid the scrutiny of the Bankruptcy Court, taking the absurd objects with her. Upon her return at 2 A. M. she was radiant and triumphant.

"I won out, Bunny—I won out!" she cried.

"How?" I enquired.

"Mrs. Innitt has discharged Norah, though I begged her not to," she fairly sang.

"On what grounds?"

"Several," said Henriette, "unfastening her glove. 'To begin with, there was a rusty nail in my clam cock-tail, and it nearly choked me to death. I tried hard to keep Mrs. Innitt from seeing what had happened, but she is watchful if not brainy, and all my efforts went for naught. She was much mortified of course and apologized profusely. All went well until the fish, when one of the two hair-pins turned up in the Pompano to the supreme disgust of my hostess, who was now beginning to look worried. Hair-pin number two made its debut in my timbale. This was too much for the watchful Mrs. Innitt, self-poised though she always is, and despite my remonstrances she excused herself from the table for a moment and I judge from the flushed

appearance of her cheeks when she returned five minutes later that somebody had had the riot act read to her somewhere.

"I don't understand it at all, Mrs. Van Raffles," she said with a sheepish smile. "Cook's perfectly sober. If anything of the kind ever happens again she shall go."

"Even as Mrs. Innitt spoke I conveyed a luscious morsel of filet mignon with mushrooms to my mouth and nearly broke my tooth on a piece of gravel that went with it, and Norah was doomed, for although we all laughed heartily, the thing had come to be such a joke, it was plain from the expression of Mrs. Innitt's countenance that she was very, very angry.

"Forgive her this time for my sake, Mrs. Innitt," I pleaded. "After all it is the little surprises that give zest to life."

"And you did n't have to use the automobile nut?" I asked, deeply impressed with the woman's ingenuity.

"Oh, yes," said Henriette. "As dinner progressed I thought it wise to use it to keep Mrs. Innitt from weakening; so when the salad was passed I managed, without anybody's observing it, to drop the automobile nut into the bowl. The Duke of Snarleyow got it and the climax was capped. Mrs. Innitt burst into a flood of tears and—Well, to-morrow, Bunny, Norah leaves. You will take her this ten-dollar bill from me, and tell her that I am sorry she got into so much trouble on my account. Say that if I can be of any assistance to her all she has to do is to call here and I will do what I can to get her another place."

With this Henriette retired and the next morning on her way to early Church I waylaid Norah. Her eyes were red with weeping, but a more indignant woman never lived. Her discharge was unrighteous; Mrs. Innitt was no lady; the Butler was in a conspiracy to ruin her—and all that; indeed, her mood was most receptive to the furtherance of Henriette's plans. The ten-dollar bill was soothing, and indicated that my Mistress was a "foine woman" and "surely Norah would come 'round in the evening to ask her aid."

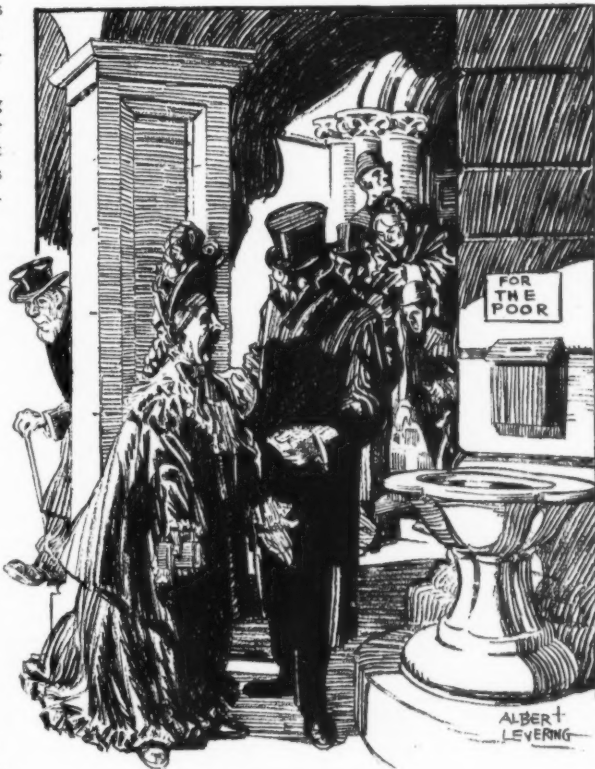
"It's ruined I am unless somebody'll be good to me and give me a reference, which Mrs. Innitt, bad cess to her, won't do, at all, at all," she wailed, and then I left her.

She called that night and two days later was installed in the Van Raffles' kitchen.

A new treasure was added to the stores of our loot, but somehow or other I have never been happy over the successful issue of the enterprise. I can't quite make up my mind that it was a lady-like thing for Henriette to do even in Newport.

Next Week:

The Last Adventure of Mrs. Van Raffles.



I waylaid Norah.

WHEN EMPEROR William goes to Sicily he will hire a whole hotel. It is not true, however, that one is to be built for him specially.



THE EASIEST EVER.

THE BROAD JUMPER.—No need to root for me, old chap. I can't lose. I've got four rabbit's feet about me.

APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE.

MR. HEADSTALL.—That horse you bought yesterday is a vicious-looking animal. Is he kind?

MR. CROPPER.—Kind? I should think so. Why, when he came out of the stable, he stood upon his hind legs and tried to embrace me.

AFFINITIES.

Our Bella's given notice. She's
Proclaimed the marriage ban;
An upstairs girl is Bella; he's
A second story man.

HE HAD A PAST.

NEXT HOUSE NOONAN.—Did y' ever work at all?

PEEP O'DAY.—Yes; I wuz a carpenter, but I retired about fifteen years ago.



RUSSIA is preparing a Fourth Baltic fleet. A block signal system had better be installed, or there will be a terrible rear end collision with the Third, Second and First.

PROGRESS.



IN THE golden maze of the dear old days
There was time and enough to spare,
The world was new and love was true,
Men brave and maidens fair.
A rose-grown cot was the happy lot
Of the bridegroom and his bride,
With a garden gay for a primrose way
And a moss-grown well beside.

But we've passed all that and a five room flat
Is the home of our modern pair,
No drift wood's light on the hearth at night
But a gas log's glittering glare,
No longer he waits at the garden gates
While she comes through the gloaming pale,
He watches her drift down the hallway lift
To list to the old, old tale.

He brings no flowers wet with fragrant showers
That he's gathered in the dell,
But violets coy by a messenger boy
He sends his love to tell.
He proposes by wire in words of fire
Ten little words alone,
And she whispers yes—as you may guess,
Over the telephone!

Then the wedding day and the word "obey"
Is stricken from the vow,
For thus they mate in the up-to-date,
In the great Step Lively Now;
And Lohengrin is the joyous din
Of the pianola's tune,
As off they skim to the purple rim
Afloat in a big balloon!

Kate Masterson.

SOME TOPSY-TURVEY TALES.

"Who is that large, frightfully ugly woman over there by the piano?" asked the unpolite stranger at the reception.
By all the rules of joke-making, the man addressed should have replied: "That, sir, is my wife."
But he did n't; to the contrary, he simply glanced at the woman and replied: "I don't know; face would stop a clock, wouldn't it?"

The large, plainly-dressed man strolled along the platform of the little station until he paused near the baggageman, who had just yanked a trunk out of the baggage car and slammed it down with a jolt that seriously threatened the contents.

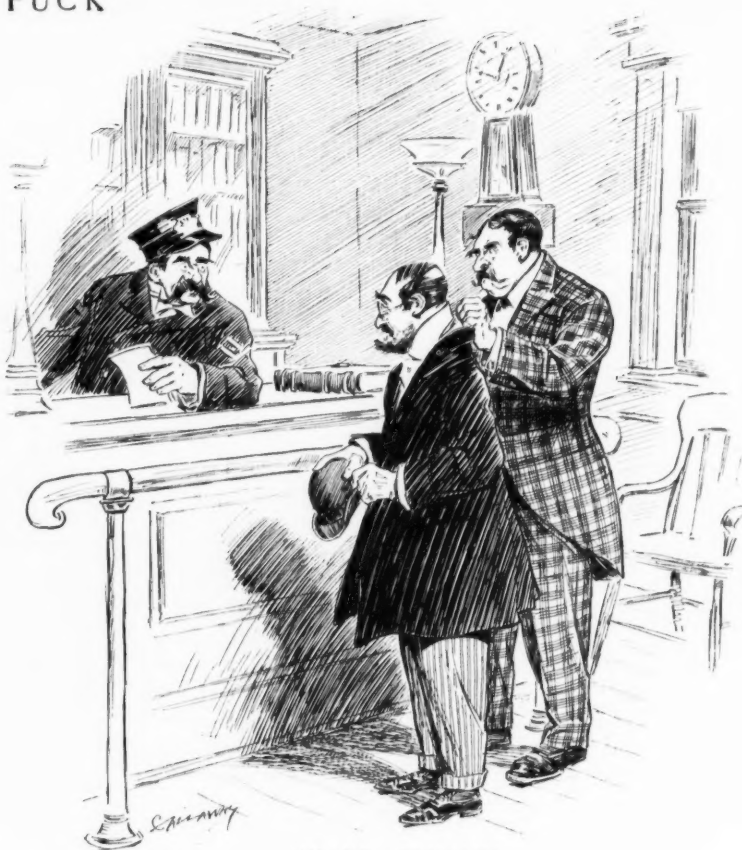
"Aren't you a little rough with that trunk?" the large, plainly-dressed man suggested.

"Well, what of it?" retorted the baggageman. "You don't own this trunk, do you?"

Of course, the large, plainly-dressed man should have replied: "No, but I own this railroad."

He did nothing of the kind, however. To the contrary, he answered in anything but a gentle tone: "You bet I do, young fellow, and another yank like that means thirty days in the hospital for you."

The stranger rode up to the palatial



INSANE, PERHAPS.

DETECTIVE.—We found this man actin' suspiciously in Wall Street.

SERGEANT.—What was he doing?

DETECTIVE.—Why, he was tryin' ter borrow money on good security fer a legitimate enterprise.

country residence of the capitalist-farmer and seeing a man in overalls industriously trimming a hedge fence with a pair of sheep-shears, said:

"My good man, will you kindly hold my horse while I go into the house and hold communion with your master?"

The man in overalls meekly complied and, after the stranger had concluded his interview with the capitalist-farmer, whom he found drinking champagne out of a milk pail, the man in overalls was rewarded suitably for the service rendered.

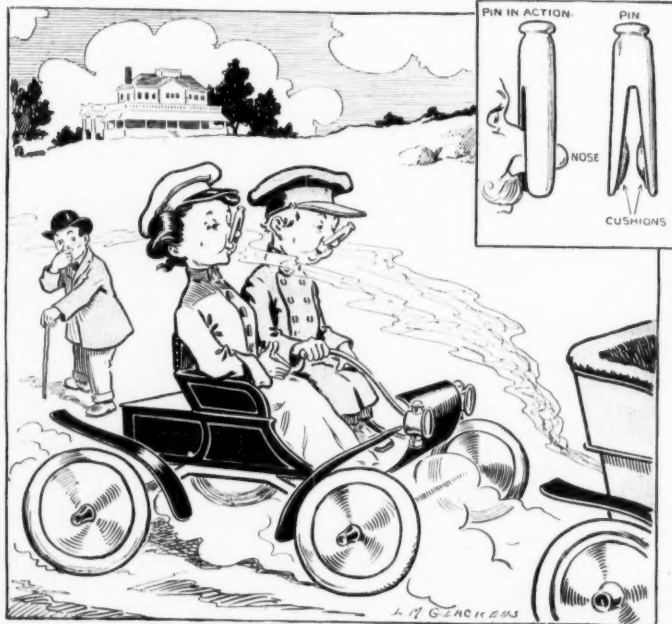
Of course, it should have turned out that the man in overalls was the capitalist-farmer, but it did n't.

CONSOLING HER.

LITTLE MRS. NEWMARRY (*sighfully*).—I adore tall men, and dear Clarence is so short!

SALLY SNAPP (*soothingly*).—Never mind! He'd be as tall as anybody if there was n't so much of him turned over for feet.

WHEN a man is his own worst enemy, an offer of mediation is always considered impertinent.



PUCK'S INVENTIONS.

THE AUTOMONOSEGUARD.

It is always a good deal safer to admire a man's enthusiasm than to commend his judgment.

All the News
That's Fit
to Print

The Daily Puck

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY

And
Society
News

VOL. 1.

MARCH 15, 1905.

NO. 1.

THE COURT.

PRINCE THEODORE'S GOAT BUTTS AN ENVOY—HONORS FOR SIR JACOB RIIS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 15.—The Emperor walked in the Potomac Gardens yesterday afternoon. His Majesty was accompanied by Prince Bill Sewell and His Grace the Duke of Pipe Line.

On Wednesday last the Imperial Guard presented H. R. H. Prince Theodore with a Rocky Mountain Goat. His Royal Highness was delighted with the animal and the Emperor was graciously pleased to laugh heartily when it butted the Venezuelan Envoy in the stomach.

By command of the Emperor the Marquis of Bookerty dined in the Royal Kitchen last evening. The Emperor received him *in cog*, as the Count of Mississippi

It is announced that the Emperor will create three new Dukedoms on his next birthday. Senator Aldrich will become Duke of Rhode Island. Mr. Depew is to be elevated to the peerage as Duc de Dino, and Mr. Carnegie will receive the title of Duke de Rhino.

The Order of the Brown Slouch Hat is to be conferred by the Emperor upon Sir Jacob Riis for his eminent services to the State in the field of Auto-



"Rise, Sir Jake!"

biography. The Order of the Double Cross will at the same time be conferred upon Lord Cabot of Massachusetts for his recent achievements as a leader of the Emperor's Personal Opposition.

Princess Alice who has been taking cooking lessons of late finished her first mince pie yesterday. The Emperor has ordered it mounted for preservation in the Smithsonian Institution.

The public will be pleased to learn that Prince Kermit has quite recovered from his recent stomach-ache and will be able to occupy his usual place under the table at the Imperial banquet to-night.

Word has been received from the Arch-Duke Leonard in the Philippines that three more Moros have been pacified and will be buried with military honors on Thursday next.

Colonel Vardaman of Mississippi has been made Viceroy of San Domingo, owing it is said to his fondness for its people. It is whispered in Court Circles however that the appointment is equivalent to an exile.

FOR SWELLED HEAD, USE SENATORIA.—Adv.

The Secretary of State has promulgated Imperial Order Number 7461 convening the Senate in Extraordinary Session at Alaska in December next.

The Anti-Race Suicide Society of Paris has presented the Emperor with a heroic bronze figure of a Rabbit which will be erected alongside the Statue of Frederick the Great in front of the War College.

The Emperor has ordered all records of the Administrations of Grover Cleveland and other Democratic executives removed from the Government Archives and destroyed. Notice has been sent to all schools in the empire, public and private, that any allusion to these periods in American History will be regarded as *lese majeste* and punished accordingly.

THE STREET.

AMERICAN GOLD BRICK BONDS A GOOD PURCHASE—U. S. STEEL CON- TROLS CARNEGIE NOTE CO.

It is announced upon good authority that the United States Carnegie Note Company, hitherto managed by C. L. Chadwick of Cleveland, will hereafter be controlled by the managers of the United States Steel Corporation, and that Mr. Carnegie from this time on will attend personally to the signing of his own notes.

The Bonds of the American Gold Brick Company are a good purchase for millionaires who consider it a disgrace to die rich. Only a few of the first edition remain unsold. Apply to Sokem, Good & Hard, Wall Street, N. Y.

It is rumored on Wall Street that a syndicate composed of J. P. Morgan, Andrew Carnegie and H. H. Rogers has been formed to supply the City of New York with water for the next ten years at par and accrued interest. Specimen pipes have already been laid.

There was a slight flurry of excitement on the Street on Tuesday last over the rumor that Mr. Thomas W. Lawson of Boston had quietly bought in all the seats on the Stock Exchange and was going to turn the institution into a Hippodrome. Investigation proved that the announcement was premature and the panic ended.

Much interest is manifested in the future of the Delaware Company. Having sold a seat in the United States Senate to J. E. O'S. Addicks it finds itself unable to deliver the goods. A Receivership is talked of.

The suit of B. B. Odell Jr. *versus* the Ship Trust is reported compromised for a free round trip ticket for the ex-Governor and his family to Europe.

The Clerks of J. P. Morgan & Company have challenged a similar number of workers in the Philadelphia Mint to a money making contest. The New Yorkers offer to give the Mint boys \$100,000 start in a sprint for a million.

The National Municipal Bank, having been found guilty of criminal practices, has been sentenced to open a branch bank at Sing Sing prison and to conduct the same there for a period of ten years.

In view of the tremendous growth of business in the neighborhood of Wall Street the Trinity Corporation has sold the site of the old church for an office building twenty-eight stories high. The church will be rebuilt on the roof of the new edifice.

SOCIETY.

NOVEL FAVORS AT THE ROCKEBILT COTILLION—DIVORCE AND BIGAMY IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

A bogus despatch from South Dakota announcing the granting of divorces to four prominent society people has resulted in a similar number of cases of Bigamy, the interested parties immediately remarrying. Names are withheld for obvious reasons.

Mrs. Ollie Innitt has engaged the Subway from City Hall to Harlem for next Friday evening and will give a progressive dinner to 863 members of the 400. Oysters will be served at City Hall, Soup at Brooklyn Bridge, the fish at Spring Street, and so on. It will be known as the Mole Dinner.

Mrs. Gaster gave a luncheon to thirty-one of her friends on Sunday afternoon, last, in the Monkey Cage at the Bronx Zoo. It was one of the most *recherche* affairs of the season.

The principal favors at the Rockebilt Cotillion the other night were living pickaninnies four years old, especially imported from the Congo for the occasion. Each pickaninny wore a real pearl necklace and a pair of bronzed French kid shoes with blue buttons. Their estimated cost was \$175,000.

The Deadbroke-Hickses, it is announced, have decided to make a business of their Week-End Visits. They have issued a neat circular stating their terms and are ready for a consideration to grace such functions as new-comers to New York may wish to have them attend.

Miss Margie Astergould will give a Lenten German at Sherry's next Tuesday night. The spiritual feature of the affair will consist in having it open with prayer, and curates and the younger rectors of New York churches will be the only men present.

RUSSELL SAGE ROBBED.

Thieves broke open Russell Sage's private safe last Sunday night and got away with a sandwich, two apples and a copy of the *New York Journal*, dated April 12th, 1901, which the financier reads on his way up and down town. There was no insurance.

SUBWAY EXCAVATORS' FIND.

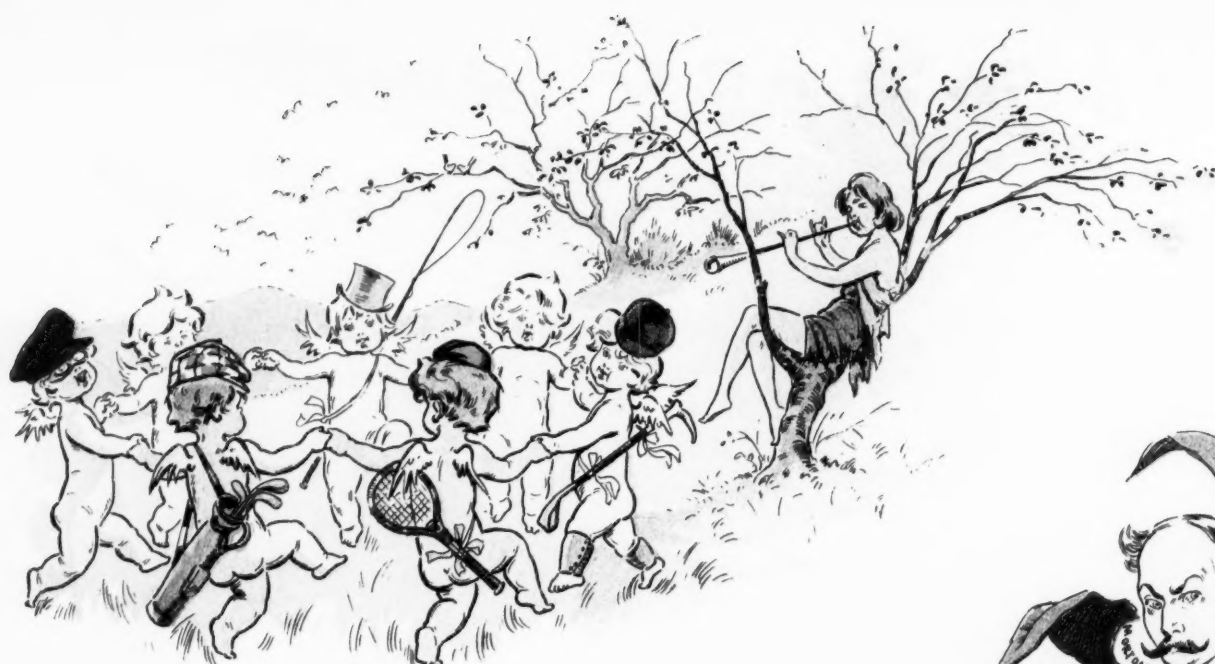
The Subway excavators accidentally uncovered a vault in front of the Standard Oil Building on Tuesday last. It contained 850,006 copies of *Everybody's Magazine* for March, which accounts for the tremendous jump in circulation of that interesting publication. What has become of the rest, everybody is asking.

FARRAGUT'S ROUGH TRIP.

The ferryboat Farragut, after a rough trip, arrived from Brooklyn last night. Her upper works were coated with ice. She had bad weather from the start and her captain kept the bridge continually. There was much discomfort among the passengers of both cabins, and they plainly showed the strain as they stepped ashore last night.



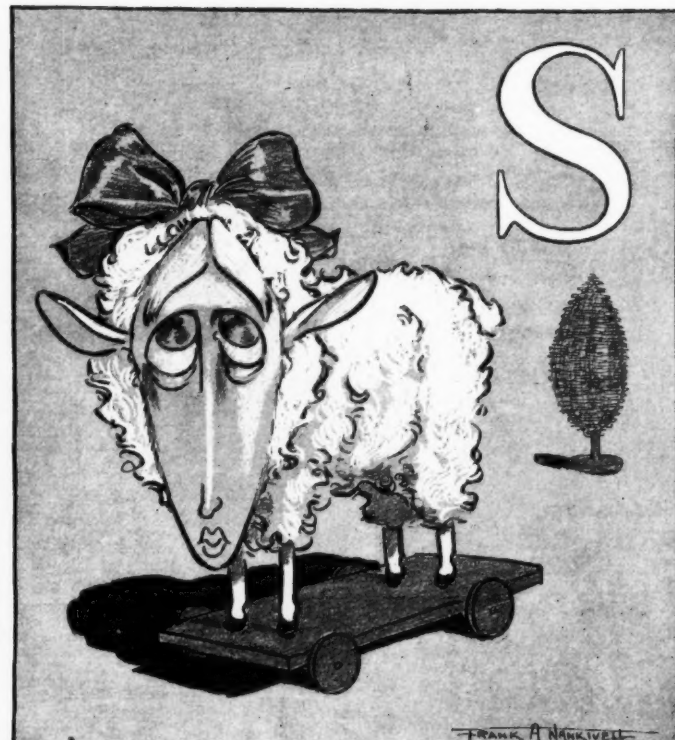
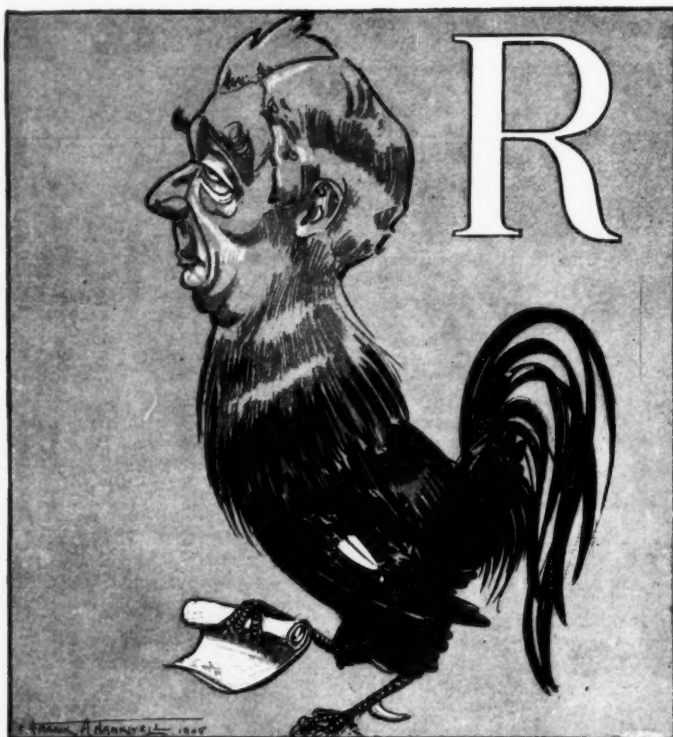
Especially Imported.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.







Puck's Alphabet.

R IS for Rooster—it stands at both ends
And either or both, or the middle defends.
The Bird up above is Renowned for its Crow—
Some deem it sweet music but others just blow.
Most birds of his kind have their bills on their noses
But he presents his with his fingers and toes.

S IS for Sheep, a soft woolly tad
Of the kind that they say little Mary once had.
But this pretty lamb is not Mary's at all
Nor does he belong to J. Morgan of Wall.
He says he's his own, but I, well I rather
Believe he belongs to a wizard named Arthur.



THE BALLAD OF MODEST JOHN.



J OHN CANNY is a modest youth
As e'er the sun shines on;
So modest that 't is only truth
To call him "Modest John."

John, in the literary game,
Ne'er overlooks a bet,
And yet he is, despite his fame,
A very violet;

A modest, timid, shrinking chap,
Who sings small as a linnet,
And shyly works his lit'ry snap
For every cent that 's in it.

His friends say, when one comments on
The largeness of his snap,
"Yes; but success has not spoiled John,
He 's such a modest chap."

The calcium beats upon his brow,
Its fierce white light upsets him
John tries to dodge it—but, somehow,
The limelight always gets him

Publicity has always nagged
This youth so void of craft,
And now I hear he has been dragged
Into the lecture graft.

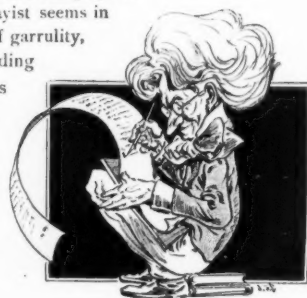
His sigh of deep distress I hear,
The rattle of his chains.
He can but wipe a salty tear
And salt away his gains

Perhaps this modest youth you know,
Who says, with streaming eyes:
"Yes, print my picture, sir—but, oh!
I hate to advertise."

His publisher, a man of guile,
Remarks: "Oh, yes, John 's shy"
And then he smiles a sordid smile
And winks the other eye

JOURNALISM AND LITERATURE.

We have received a copy of "Journalism and Literature" by H. W. Boynton. In spite of the fact that the title is a misnomer in that Mr. Boynton's essays are neither journalism nor literature we find in it much that is sufficiently edifying to make the book worth reading. It must be said however that the publication of this book by such a firm as Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is sad proof that the torch of Wisdom in the field of essay writing is constantly growing dimmer and its illumination suggests, particularly in this volume, the product rather of the gas house than the study lamp. A surprising number of persons, it must be admitted, have taken great satisfaction in the quasi-critical work of such essayists as Mr. H. W. Boynton. It is work which deserves consideration, because it represents the *reductio ad absurdum* of American essay writing. It counts in a sort of endless chain volley of words, sentences, paragraphs and so-called thoughts. A book produced by this method cannot be deeply convincing. It is not the outcome of an abiding sense of the value of true criticism and naturally bears much the same relation to a veritable work of literature that a bunch of soda crackers in action bears to the moon. The true essayist cannot help concerning himself with some sort of simulation of thought: Mr. Boynton can. There could be no better illustration of the difference between essay writing of this kind and the real thing than a comparison of one of Mr. Boynton's essays with the Editorial page of the *New York Evening Journal*. The essayist seems in effect to represent the survival of the school of garrulity, now happily moribund, which had some standing during the last century in England as well as in Boston. We have a right to use a Mr. Boynton say for our private consumption, as a man may choose to smoke a brand of tobacco which he knows to be bad, and cannot recommend to his friends; but we may properly be careful, too, not to confound qualities, not to yield to mere verbosity the honors which belong to the essayist.



"Why do modern books die so quickly?" asks a literary monthly. Quick consumption, isn't it?
B. L. T.

PUCK

THE COMING THEATER PROGRAMME.

SLAW AND SHIRTHANGER

— present —

Costumes by D. Ziner, London.

Shoes by A. Wright Foote, New York.

Wigs by Hare & Pullem, London—Paris.

Cheese for banquet by Smith, Brooklyn.

Rubber babies by Stogem & Smilax, Paris.

Scenery by Spotlight & Wings, London and Paris.

— Hamlet —

By Mr. J. Stiggamore Fakir, adapted from will shakespeare.

PEOPLE IN THE PLAY.

Manager for Slaw & Shirthanger	Mr. G. B. Raggem.
Business Manager ditto	Mr. Runnen Gettem.
Stage Manager	Mr. Jim Smith.
Assistant Stage Manager	Mr. Jim Smith's brother.
Second Assistant Stage Manager	Another Smith Brother.
Ballet Mistress	Miss Skinny N. Shockyng.
Machinist	Mr. Oily Voir.
Master of Properties	Mr. J. Mierpont Jorgan.
Electrician	Mr. Pluggen Switsch.
Wardrobe Mistress	Mrs. Goudat Padden.
Assistant Wardrobe Mistress	Miss Ferrat Padden.
and	
Hamlet	To be selected.



AS TO YOUNG NICK.

CASEY.—An' whoi did ye name th' baby after th' Czar?

CORRIGAN.—Well, he don't know a dom thing about annythin' an' shtill he 's th' boss.



BY DEGREES.

CHESTERFIELD CHAUNCEY.—Could you spare me an old pair of trousers, Mum?

MRS. WINROW.—Yes; do you want anything else?

CHESTERFIELD CHAUNCEY.—Oh, yes. I 'd like about fifty millions and a seat in the Senate—but dat kin wait!

GOTHAM GLEANINGS.

JIM HYDE purchased a swell new suit recently and is wearing the same. It certainly becomes you, James.

Work on our public library is progressing finely.

G. Ade who writes pieces for actors is Japaning at this writing.

Several are on the ailing list, many having the la grippe, which is very prevalent almost everywhere.

Chaunce Depew's smiling face illumined our streets yesterday.

Ye scribe was shaved at Geo. Boldt's Waldorf tonsorial parlor yester eve. Geo. has put in a couple of new razors which cut dandy.

Benny Odell is among New York absentees these days.

Ye scribe was to the Grand Central depot Monday endeavoring to find out the names of those leaving and arriving in our city.

Travel is so heavy these days that we gave it up. This is a growing berg and no mistake.

George McClellan received friends at his office last week.

Bill Wilcox, our genial postmaster, says business is good. 81 postal cards were sold last week, inclusive.

Og Armour shipped hogs from Chicago Monday, as fine a lot as ever come.

T. Roosevelt, late of this place, says he likes Washington 1st rate. Washington's gain is Gotham's loss.

The 10:18 train on the New Haven road left on time Saturday.

Reg Vanderbilt Sundayed with his family.

Many from Boston are in our busy midst.

Alt Parker allows practice is good. Alt is a hard working boy, and since he hung out his shingle has had several cases.

News are infrequent this week.

More anon.

Franklin P. Adams.

THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

MRS. ELITELY.—There 's Bessie Armstrong dancing with that stout Mr. Rotunde again. Why do you suppose she shows such partiality?

MR. ELITELY.—Give it up, unless she 's simply keeping in training. She used to put the shot at Vassar, you remember.





All Want the Best

in everything. In whiskey
you get it in

Hunter
Baltimore
Rye

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
A. SANTAELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.
Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.

GIN-SENG-GIN

(Trade-Mark)

"The Gin With a Push"

GINSENG has been used by the
Japs and Chinese over 2000 years
for **RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY,
BLADDER and NERVOUS troubles.**
GIVES YOU COURAGE

Rejuvenates and restores lost strength.
Sold at leading Cafes and Druggists.

THE GIN-SENG-GIN CO., CINCINNATI, O.

MR. ROCKEFELLER ordered repairs
to a Lakewood church because water
leaked in freely. He might order re-
pairs to Wall Street for the same reason.

EVERY WARSAW policeman is ac-
companied by a soldier for fear of a
police strike. Incidentally, every War-
saw soldier is accompanied by a police-
man for fear of a soldier strike. If
there were not so much tragedy in it,
Russia could furnish material these
days for a first class comic opera.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-
able polish to all metals, but the polish
also, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George
William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

**WILSON
WHISKEY**

THAT'S ALL!



DISCOVERED.

THE FLY (as Hippo sleeps with mouth open).—Come on, boys!
I've just found a cave all full of stalactites and things.

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a
tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in sweet-
ened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

BY THE way,
Doctor, at what age
would you chloro-
form the ladies?

THE DEMO-
CRATIC Club, at
Croker's suggestion,
will celebrate Jef-
ferson's birthday next
month with a \$10
dinner. That it will
be a "simple" re-
past goes without
saying.

TO TELL THE TRUTH

HUDSON

THE NATURAL

WHISKEY

IS BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

THE MAYER BROS. CO. CINCINNATI - U.S.A.

SENATOR DUBOIS
would amend the
Constitution so as to
prohibit plural mar-
riages. This would
have a singular effect
upon Utah.

WEST POINT is to
train two Chinese
youths for the busi-
ness of war. Uncle
Sam, seemingly, has
no objections to a
modernized yellow
peril.



"BANNER BLUE LIMITED"

BETWEEN

St. Louis and Chicago

The Finest Day Train in the World.

CONSIST OF TRAIN:

Combination Baggage Car and Smoker.
Combination Coach and Chair Car.
Combination Dining and Buffet Car.
Combination Observation and Parlor Car.

Painted in Royal Blue and Gold; vestibuled throughout; lighted by
electricity; finished in African
Mahogany, inlaid with holly; windowed with bevel plate and Cathedral
jewel glass; furnished with Wilton carpets and upholstered with silk
plush; Haviland china and Toledo cut glass; pantry, kitchen and chef's
department specially designed; every car supplied with hot and cold water
and heated by steam.

C. S. CRANE, GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT, ST. LOUIS, MO.



MANY wise club stewards find
it more satisfactory to serve
CLUB COCKTAILS instead of
guesswork kind.

No guesswork cocktail can pre-
sent so perfect a result as **CLUB
COCKTAILS**. The choicest of
liquors, their exquisite propor-
tions and the necessary ageing
make **CLUB** brand the cocktail
par excellence.

Just strain through cracked ice.
Seven kinds—Manhattan, Mar-
tini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland
Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED IT, A RARE
TREAT IS IN STORE FOR YOU



SERVED EVERYWHERE


Royal "THE WHITEST"
TRADE MARK COLLAR
MADE

ADRIAN

IF YOUR DEALER WONT
SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US
EMIGH & STRAUB-Dept C.C.TROY, NY

ACCORDING to a learned doctor,
"if the metal frames for the adver-
tising signs in the subway should be
moistened, they would operate as a
positive germicide and destroy practi-
cally all the non-spore bearing bacteria
brought in contact with them." Moisten
the signs by all means, and
destroy the bacteria. And now let's
find some kind of a bug for the slot
machines to destroy.

THE GREAT success of McIlhenny's Ta-
basco both as a relish and as a digestive
agent has caused numerous imitations to be
put upon the market, many of which con-
sist simply of diluted tomato catsup heavily
charged with cayenne pepper, which any
physician will tell you is a dangerous irritant
and should be avoided. The genuine McIl-
henny's Tabasco is a most excellent correct-
ive and aids the digestive organs in their
work. Therefore, always be sure when you
use Tabasco that it is *McIlhenny's*—the
original—in use nearly half a century by
the leading hotels, restaurants and best fami-
lies of the land. It gives a fine, spicy, pi-
quant flavor to soups, roasts, fish, oysters,
sauces, etc.



WONDERLAND — 1905

not only is full of miscellaneous information regarding the NORTHERN PACIFIC Country, but tells a new story of YELLOWSTONE PARK and the recent improvements there—including new and unique hotels;—the LEWIS and CLARK EXPOSITION to be held at Portland, Oregon, June 1st—October 15th, and the SHASTA-NORTHERN PACIFIC route to and from California.

There are stories of historical interest, of adventure, of new pleasure resorts.

Don't hesitate to send for **WONDERLAND**, it costs but the postage, Six Cents. We want everybody to have it and everybody needs it.

For Four Cents we will send our LEWIS and CLARK Exposition Booklet
For Fifty Cents, our Yellowstone Park Flower Book.

A. M. CLELAND General Passenger Agent, Nor. Pac. Ry. ST. PAUL MINN

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

Main Thoroughfare
to
Lewis and Clark
Exposition, Portland, Oregon, from June 1st
to Oct. 15th, 1905, via the
UNION PACIFIC

This historical route traversing the heart of the great Northwest with its boundless resources, gives you 200 miles along the matchless Columbia River and a trip to

PORTLAND AND THE NORTHWEST
WITHOUT CHANGE

Two through trains daily, equipped with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars, Free Reclining Chair Cars, etc.

INQUIRE OF
E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.
Omaha, Neb.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



"The Only Kind That Won't Smart or Dry on Your Face"

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Of course he uses Williams' Shaving Soap. So does every man who wishes to be "A shining light in the world" and shave with the greatest ease, comfort and safety.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICKS, SHAVING TABLETS, TOILET WATERS, TALCUM POWDER, JERSEY CREAM TOILET SOAP, ETC., SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Williams' Shaving Stick (Trial Size) sent on receipt of 4c. in stamps.
Write for our Booklet, "The Shaver's Guide and Correct Dress for all Occasions." It's FREE

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.



TWIN SOULS.

TRAMP.—Honest, boss, I don't know where me next meal is comin' from.

NEWWED.—Neither do I. Our cook left this morning.

With men of affairs, Abbott's Angostura Bitters are the great tonic and aid to digestion. They are recommended by leading physicians. All druggists.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, New York.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, New York.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

BOND & LILLARD
WHISKEY
AWARDED
GRAND PRIZE St. Louis 1904.

CHICAGO AND WEST—LAKE SHORE LIMITED—The New York Central.

ON TOP

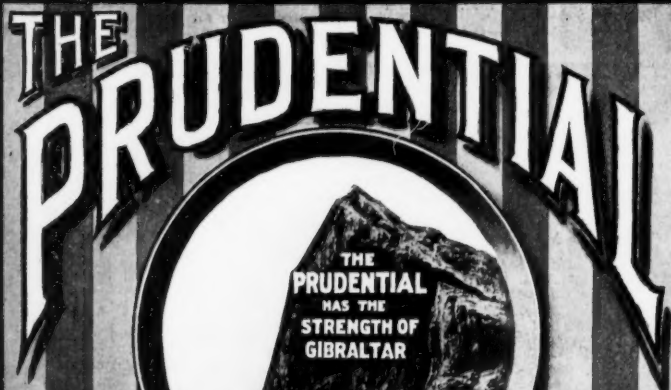


Surpassing Excellence
Recognized,
"WHITE SEAL."
MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE

HEADS THE LIST OF IMPORTATIONS
INTO THE UNITED STATES
AND SALES IN THE WORLD

WITH THE UNEQUALLED TOTAL OF
336,430
CASES

Ge. A. Heister & Co. SOLE IMPORTERS
NEW YORK



What is Your Wish?

To Leave Your Family Well Off?
To Secure an Income in Old Age?
To Increase Your Business Credit?
To Invest Your Savings Profitably?

Life Insurance in The Prudential may be
made to Provide all These and More.
Write for Book Showing Rates.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA
JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres't. Dept. P Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

A BILL to regulate football is to be introduced in South Dakota. As yet, however, there has been no movement toward government ownership of football teams.

RUSSIAN TROOPS were called upon recently to disperse a crowd of striking maid servants. We should like to see them buck against a regiment of English butlers.

MORE SUN spots, totalling 3,000,000,000 square miles, have lately appeared and astronomers are puzzled. Perhaps the sun is being chloroformed on account of its age.

MR. CROKER says that a man doesn't begin to enjoy life until he is sixty. Then Richard didn't enjoy himself "when he was in politics for his pocket all the time."

THE HAT which Mrs. Roosevelt wore at the Inauguration was designed by an Indiana milliner. Which proves that not all of Indiana's poems are those of the quill and the midnight oil.

A BRITISH SLEUTH, sent to America to work up a case for the Bank of England, was robbed of his watch and money in New York. It was probably Sherlock Holmes' old friend, Lestrade.

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made at the Lick Observatory that Jupiter's Seventh Satellite has lately been found. Owner may have same by proving property and paying cost of advertisement.

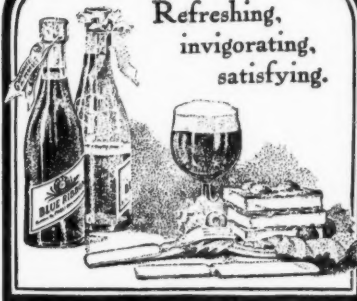
FOUR MEMBERS of the California State Senate were lately expelled, charged with having received bribes. "Bribes" is an inconvenient word. They should have been "entertained." Then they might have kept their seats.

SAID A troubled member of the United States Senate: "If we go on, in five years we will be appropriating \$200,000,000 a year for the navy, and the people will never consent to it." What, pray, does the Senate care for a minor detail like the people's consent?

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

Refreshing,
invigorating,
satisfying.



INCOMPATIBILITY of breakfast foods is the latest grounds for divorce.

Jack Howe would eat no Wow;
His wife—you should have seen her!

Ate pounds of it, and also Grit;
The sequel's a subpoena.

BY UNANIMOUS VERDICT OF
THE WORLDS BEST EXPERTS

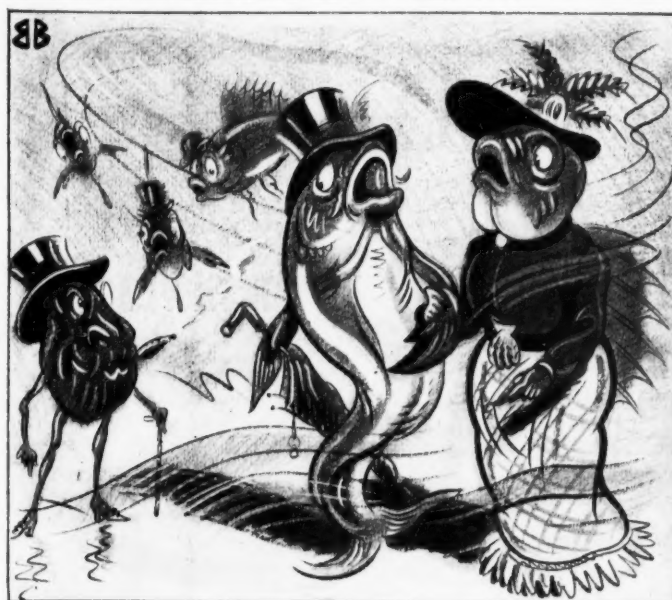
**I.W.
HARPER
RYE**

BEST WHISKEY
GOLD MEDALS

CHICAGO 1893 NEW ORLEANS 1885 PARIS 1900

GRAND PRIZE HIGHEST AWARD

ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR
BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO. LOUISVILLE, KY.



A TOP-LINER.

MR. FISH.—I wonder what makes them so jealous of the Oyster?

MRS. FISH.—I suppose it's the fact that his name always appears first on the Bill-of-Fare.



PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
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NOTICE

Rejected contributions will positively NOT be returned, unless stamps are furnished.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Cor. Houston and Elm Sts., New York.

WE ARE in receipt of the following letter, purporting to have been written by Mr. E. S. McKeever of Chester, Pa.:

MESSRS. KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
New York.

Gentlemen: In looking over PUCK of the issue of Feb. 15, 1905, to-day I came across the column, Editor's Column, where it states "PUCK desires just a word or two with his Contributors," and I find these words: "That is, that PUCK does not wish to, and will not jest, at the sorrows and weaknesses, and Conscientious scruples of mankind. We don't want the ill-natured Joke. We don't want the joke, no matter how funny it may be, which is going to leave a sting in some innocent and unoffending quarter, etc., etc.," and yet on the third page back you will find this paragraph:

"Before the big Elandsfontein stone is cut up in sections, it might be well to inquire of Mrs. Astor, if she could use another diamond stomacher."

Sarcasm, Satire, Impertinence.

I would express an opinion here with which I believe you will agree. It is neither mine, Puck's, John Kendrick Bangs' or the Public's business whether Mrs. Astor owns and wears a Diamond Stomacher, or not.

After reading the Editor's explanation why so many contributions were rejected, and his especial kindly consideration for the general public, I would suggest that you allow him to take some small change out of the Cash drawer, and buy himself a jewel and wear it. The name of this jewel is "Consistency."

I remain,

Yours very respectfully,
(Signed) E. S. McKEEVER.

Mr. McKeever is right in one particular—it is not the business of any of the persons he specifies whether Mrs. Astor owns and wears a diamond stomacher or not. PUCK's business is keeping an eye on the follies, the fads, the shams of Society. Mr. Bangs's business is editing PUCK. Mr. McKeever's business we do not know—he appears to be so successful at straining at gnats that we suspect him of swallowing camels for a living. But the ladies of high society and especially the leaders thereof who set the pace for fashion, who determine who is who and what is what, who appear in public in imperial regalia, and so bedizened with jewels that it is as much as an honest policeman can do to keep his hands off—they have become a public institution and as such are entitled to all the concern that we or anybody else may choose to manifest in their doings. We have a perfect right to enquire into the manners and customs of those whose social position gives them command of the situation in matters of Etiquette. If Mrs. Contractor Moloney of Fourteenth Street attends a Charity Ball she is governed as to the amenities of the occasion by the social laws of the community, and as the wife of a citizen of this Republic she is entitled to know just what are the qualifications of the lawgivers who make those laws. If Mrs. John Smith of Hoboken desires to go to the Opera and to be as de rigueur as the de rigueur lady in the boxes, she is clearly within her rights as the wife of a taxpayer to demand information as to what Mrs. Astor or any other lady of equally commanding social position is likely to wear on such an occasion. If Mrs. Smith went wrapped up in an American Flag and wearing a tin kettle on her head she would be arrested, or at least turned back at the door. Mrs. Astor, wearing the same costume, would not be arrested or turned back at the door, but on the contrary would be cheerfully admitted to the sacred circle as always. By her position as the first of the "400" she makes right and proper all that she does, and for that reason all that she does becomes a matter of public interest, and to that extent is subject to public notice.

Hence, Mr. McKeever, you are wrong as to the spirit of your main contention.

Moreover, we are not aware that in any part of the declaration of our principles referred to by our Correspondent we relinquished our right to tackle the fads and follies and the vanities of life wherever we may find them. In fact, we have been at some pains to assert the contrary, and if in any quarter, high or low, or in the middle, we find vulgar display and ostentation, we shall continue to have our little pop at it as of yore.

Diamond stomachers worn in public are matters of public interest and we shall treat them accordingly.

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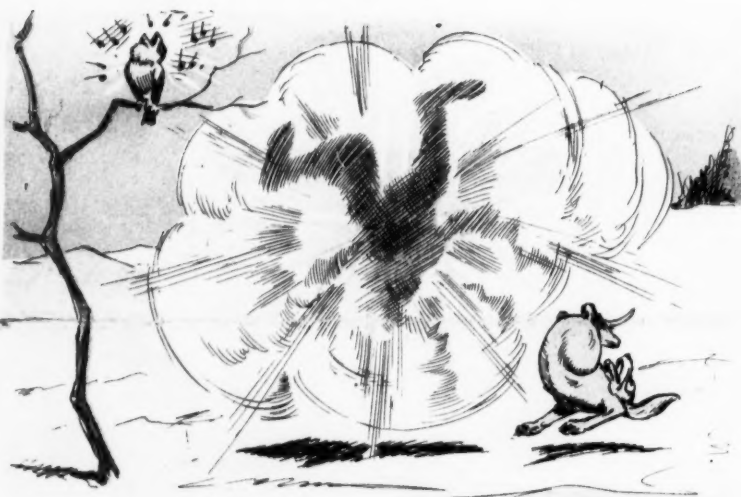
PUCK



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS,
BUT WITH PLENTY OF ACTION.